

The Columbus Democrat.

H. H. WORTHINGTON, Editor.

[A STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE LETTER AND SPIRIT OF THE CONSTITUTION—THE ONLY SAFEGUARD OF THE SOUTH.]

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DR. A. N. JONES

Has removed his office to the store of Lankin & Whitfield, main street, where he would be pleased to see his friends, and where any message left for him will be promptly attended to. Columbus October 19, 1850. 16-4.

J. H. TERRY.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and Solicitor in Chancery.

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P. S. Having a correspondent in Washington, he is prepared to obtain Bounty Land warrants for those who may be entitled to them under the act of 1850. July 24, 1852. 2-1y.

W. H. D. WORTHINGTON. THOMAS CHRISTIAN. CARRINGTON & CHRISTIAN.

Attorneys & Counsellors at Law COLUMBUS, MISS.

JOHN A. WHITFIELD

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Mobile, Alabama.

All business entrusted to his care will be promptly and diligently attended to. mar 27-10-1y.

CHARLES H. ARBET. GEO. D. PRENTICE.

ABERT & PRENTICE, Commission Merchants,

NO. 74 COMMERCE STREET, Mobile, Ala.

Oct. 24, 1849.

GEORGE G. HENRY.

Factor & Commission Merchant, Corner of Exchange and Commerce Sts., MOBILE.

Refer to Hon. Geo. R. Clayton, Columbus, Col. Joseph B. Cobb, Miss. Col. Geo. G. Harris, Waverly, Col. Geo. H. Young, Waverly, Jan. 10, 1852. 28-6mos.

E. W. SWANZY. WM. W. WIER.

SWANZY & WIER, COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Mobile, Ala.

Will extend the usual facilities to their plant and friends and the public. [may 10, '51-1y.]

THE NAPOLEON DYNASTY;

OR THE HISTORY OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

By the *Berkley* Men.

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1. Origin of the Bonapartes.

2. Italy—Corse.

3. Carlo and Letitia.

4. Napoleon—Emperor.

5. Josephine.

6. Maria Louisa, Empress.

7. Joseph—King of Naples and Spain, and Julia Clara.

8. Lucien—The Scholar and Prince, Christina Boyer and Madame Jourdan.

9. Louis—King of Holland, and Hortense Beauharnais.

10. Jerome—King of Westphalia, Frederica of Wurtemberg.

11. Elisa Bonaparte—Duchess of Tuscany—Pascal Bonaparte.

12. Pauline—Princess Borghese and the Prince Borghese.

13. Caroline—Queen of Naples, and Marshal Murat.

14. Cardinal Fesch—Brother of Madame Letitia.

15. Eugene Bonaparte—Viceroy of Italy.

16. Young Napoleon—King of Rome.

17. LOUIS NAPOLEON—PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

A Bonaparte again rules France. No complete history of this wonderful family has ever been written, until this work, which is intended to supply the deficiency. It is derived from the most authentic materials, some of which have been obtained from private sources in this country and Europe, exclusively for this work. It is prepared by several literary men of ability and taste, and embellished by 18 fine portraits of the Bonapartes. It embraces a full, brilliant and authentic life of LOUIS NAPOLEON, PRESIDENT.

P. S. Now in press, in one handsome octavo volume of about 500 pages. Price \$2, and will be issued very soon by

CORNISH, LAMHART & CO.

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A FRESH Lot of Red Clover Seed can be had by calling early at

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TENNESSEE OSNABURG—1-4 H 48

Shirtings—3-4 and 7-8 Drillings for sale by

Oct. 4, 1851-14-1y HADEN & READ.

POETRY.

WORK.

Attend, oh, Man!
Uplift the banner of thy kind,
Advocate the ministry of mind;
The mountain height is free to climb,
Till on Man's heritage is time!
Till on!

Work on, and win!
Life, without work, is unenjoyed!
The happiest are the best employed,
Work moves and moulds the mightiest birth,
And grasps the destinies of earth!
Work on.

Work, now the seed;
Even the rock may yield its flower;
No lot so hard, but human power,
Exerted to one end and aim,
May conquer Fate and capture Fame!
Press on!

Press onward still;
In Nature's centre lives the fire
That stows, though true, yet aspires;
Through fathoms deep of mould and clay
It splits the rocks that bar its way,
Press on!

If Nature, then,
Lay tame beneath her weight of earth,
When would her hidden fire know birth;
Thus man, through granite fate, must find
The path—the upward path—of mind.
Work on!

Pause not in fear;
French no desponding, servile view—
Whate'er thou wilt, thy will may do;
Strengthen each manly nerve to bend
Truth's bow, and its shaft ascend!
Till on!

Be firm of heart;
By fasion of unnumbered years,
A continent in vastness tears;
A drop, 'tis said, through flint will wear;
Till on, and Nature's conquest share!
Till on!

Within thyself
Bright morn, and noon, and night succeed;
Power, feeling, passion, thought and deed,
Harmonious beauty prompts thy breast—
Things angels love, and God hath blest!
Work on!

Work on, and win!
Shall light from Nature's depths arise,
And thou, whose mind can grasp the skies,
Sit down with Fate, and easily rail?
No! Onward! Let the truth prevail!
Work on!

FRANK PIERCE UPON HIS NATIVE HEATH.—

On Thursday, the democracy of New Hampshire are to hold a great meeting at the town of Hillsborough, the native place of Franklin Pierce. We learn that Col. Clemens and Gorman have left Washington for the purpose of attending, and that Hon. John B. Weller, Wm. H. Folk, John A. Dix, and John Van Duren have signified their acceptance of invitations to be present. Hon. D. S. Dickinson and Charles O'Connor are also expected.

The meeting will undoubtedly be the greatest one ever held in the State; for not only are the citizens of New Hampshire moving, but a large number of the Granite State of New England have taken the matter in hand, and will rally in great force.

Old Hillsborough was the rallying point of the sons of liberty during the revolution; and in the dark hours of the war of 1812, when the federal towns of Amherst, Nashua, and Concord were hostile to enlistments, the patriotic yeomanry of Hillsborough county were accustomed to gather at the residence of Old Gov. Pierce to respond to the call of their country for soldiers to march to the frontier. Pierce went Miller, McNeil, and young Benj. Thence, with hundreds of gallant soldiers signified their patriotic devotion by deeds of unsurpassed valor.

The place for the gathering of the democratic hosts has been well selected. In his native region, Franklin Pierce

"Sits on high in all the people's hearts."

The time is auspicious, and the high character of the gentlemen who are to address the people, gives rich promise of an occasion of marked interest and influence.—Union.

THE CHANCES OF LIFE.—Among the interesting facts developed by the recent census, are some in relation to the laws that govern life and death. They are based upon returns from the State of Maryland, and a comparison with previous ones. The calculation it is unnecessary to explain, but the result is a table from which we gather the following illustration.

10,268 infants are born on the same day, and enter upon life simultaneously. Of these, 1243 never reach the anniversary of their birth: 6925 commence the second year, but the proportion of deaths still continues so great, that at the end of the third only 8152, or about four-fifths of the original number, survive. But during the fourth year, the system seems to acquire more strength, and the number of deaths rapidly decreases. It goes on decreasing until twenty-one, the commencement of maturity and the period of highest health: 7124 enter upon the activities and responsibilities of life—more than two thirds of the original number. Thirty-five comes the meridian of manhood; 6202 have reached it. Twenty years more and the ranks are thinned. Only 4727, or less than half of those who entered life fifty-five years ago, are left. And now death comes more frequently. Every year the ratio of mortality steadily increases, and at seventy there are not a thousand survivors. A scattered few live on to the close of the century, and at the age of one-hundred and six, the drama is ended. The last man is dead.

THE MILITARY HURRAH.

The whigs have nothing to comfort them but the hope of exciting the military ardor of our people in favor of their nominee. They know that their principles are unpopular, and therefore they have laid aside their statesman, and passed over those who have been their most conspicuous champions, for a mere military chieftain. But they have reckoned unwisely. General Scott possesses qualities which detract from his military reputation; and he does not possess other qualities, without which a successful soldier cannot be popular with the masses. General Scott is more unpopular with the officers who have served with him than any other portion of our people. If the decision was left to the vote of the army, there is no question but that the General-in-chief would be defeated by an overwhelming majority. Under such circumstances, it is vain to expect a military hurrah; for even the military men who wished to present General Scott for the presidency in 1850—when he assured them that he was a Jefferson-Jackson democrat; when he assured them that he was a hard money, independent-treasury democrat, when he assured them that he had carried General Jackson's administration through on his back, and when he assured them that he looked alone to the democratic party for his political future—were forced to abandon him as soon as they became acquainted with his character as a public man. The officers of the army have gone through a similar process. They have been introduced to General Scott, and have become acquainted with his vanity and inordinate ambition. They have been brought face to face with his manifold weaknesses, his thirst for authority, his boundless pretensions, and his laughable, and they will join in no attempt to glorify him by a wild outbreak of military enthusiasm.

Many of the officers of the army have suffered from his suspicious jealousy, his hasty temper, and his eagerness for personal advancement. The common soldier has no sympathies with him. He is a stranger to their hearts, for his heart has no pulsation in common with theirs. A military hurrah is therefore impossible; for the coldness of those who served with General Scott will prevent it. The failure of Lumley's Lane celebration, and the little attention with which the proposition to celebrate the capture of Chapultepec has been received, prove that the people are not to be misled by banners, music, and military processions. It is a great mistake to believe that Gen. Taylor was elected solely by his military fame. Many were tired of the strife of party and the machinery of party organizations, and they wished to see the chair of the Chief Magistrate filled by one whose passions were not heated by party strife and who had never mingled in party intrigues. Many thought that they saw in Gen. Taylor's honest purposes and severe simplicity of manner traits which would compensate for the want of civil experience, while his affable and unpretending demeanor, and his distaste for pomp, parade, and ostentation won the hearts of thousands, who never would have been seduced by the glitter of military pageantry, or led astray by mere military renown. It was precisely those points of Gen. Taylor's character which placed him in striking contrast to Gen. Scott, which made him the favorite chieftain of the Mexican war, and carried him into the presidency. Gen. Taylor not only had qualities which Gen. Scott did not have, but he did possess qualities which Gen. Scott unfortunately has in an eminent degree. No one expects by the elevation of Gen. Scott to soften party asperities, or to weaken the power of party machinery, or give a check to party intrigues. No one sees in General Scott the severe simplicity, the affable and unpretending demeanor, the distaste for pomp, parade, and ostentation which characterized Gen. Taylor. Besides, the lesson which the last election taught has not been forgotten. The use which cunning and vindictive partisans made of the military President in 1849 and 1850 is fresh in the public recollection. The people see that the same cabal which abused the confidence of General Taylor, and used him to carry out their corrupt purposes, have brought forward Gen. Scott as the means of restoring themselves to their former places, notwithstanding the condemnation which they have received in all quarters of the country. They know Gen. Scott's vanity and his want of experience, and they regard him as the best instrument to carry out their wicked purposes; and if the people should be so soon deceived a second time, they will deserve the ill which must fall upon the land, "when vice prevails and iniquitous men bear sway."—Washington Union.

THE STAR IN THE EAST.—Presidential Pyramids are becoming common, but many of them are awkwardly constructed. Here's one, evidently made up by a capital artist—one who has studied designs and knows how to select his timber:

SCOTT PYRAMID.

That's all the way we know how erect a "Scott Pyramid" with the lumber at present available.

Nothing is more easy, says Mr. Pandling, than to grow rich. It is only to trust nobody—to befriend none—to get every thing, and save all we get—to stultify ourselves and every body belonging to us—to be the friend of no man and have no man for our friend—to heap interest upon interest, cent upon cent; to be mean, miserable and ill disposed for some twenty or thirty years, and riches will come as sure as disease and disappointment.

We find the following announcement in the *Natchez Free Trader*, of the 10th inst: "22nd DECEMBER.—On Monday last, at the democratic ratification meeting in Fayette, Jefferson county, Mississippi, FOUR of the most influential whigs in Jefferson county came forward and gave their adhesions to Pierce and King, and gave their reasons for so doing. Never were gentlemen in higher spirit than the unflinching democracy of Jefferson county."

NEW YORK AND ERIE RAILROAD.

Having recently returned from a trip over the New York and Erie Railroad, we will proceed to state some facts in relation to this immense work, which may not prove uninteresting to our readers. It must be remembered that this Road is 460 miles long with only about 70 miles of double track, including switches or turn outs; and as the locomotives travel 460 miles every twenty-four hours, the greatest care and attention is necessary to the management. Every thing seems to move with clockwork precision, and the drivers and engineers having assurance that all instructions are strictly observed, push on at a rate of speed attained by probably no other road in the country. The telegraph belonging to the Company, along the whole line, is an important and powerful auxiliary in the hands of the superintendent and his division agents, and tend much to inspire confidence in those who make use of this line of transit.

The system of police adopted on this line must give great satisfaction, for in one division alone, where the road passes on a shelf along the Delaware river, 70 men are employed by day watching and repairing the track and the traveler by the night trains may see their lanterns at short intervals, indicating that "all's right," as he speeds along those parts which have been considered dangerous, but which are in fact the safest, from the circumstance of the road bed being solid rock. Until we "saw" this road, we were not aware that arrangements had been made for any extent of double track, and were consequently surprised to find 130 miles under contract, the ground broken, and the whole in a fair way of completion before the winter sets in.

The construction of the double track is under the supervision of Mr. S. S. Post, and it could not have been placed in better hands. In connection with the laying of the double track, the company having erected at Owego, a building 508 feet long by 50 wide for the purpose of constructing McCallum's bridges to span the many streams which cross the road in its course to the lake. This immense affair is worthy of notice, and therefore take pleasure in giving some account of the operations going on within its doors. It is estimated that 1,500,000 feet of timber will be required to construct the new bridges, and as they will be made in this establishment, a saving of at least 23.4 per cent, to the Company will be effected, the trees, which are selected with great care and come under the head of "clear stuff," are brought in their rough state, on trucks, from Allegany Co., and run in alongside of the carriage, calculated for timber 80 feet long, which moves them to the saw, and are cut at the rate of 200 revolutions per minute, to the desired size after which, by means of machinery, the pieces are placed on two planing mills, calculated for dressing timber 80 and 35 feet long, after which they are again swung into a room where 50 men are employed in making the bridges. The framing and putting together is done with the utmost care and dispatch, when the whole is taken apart, placed on a truck, and carried to any point along the road where it is required. The engine which does so much work, is 50 horse power, the steam is made entirely of sawdust and shavings, and the slabs are all cut into logs. This everything in the way of wood is made good use of, and nothing seems to be wasted. This is without doubt the largest and most systematic establishment for the purpose in the world; and the erection of it displays good judgment and an eye to economy. The whole is under the immediate supervision of Mr. D. C. McCallum, the engineer in charge of bridges and buildings.—Journal of Commerce.

MR. CLAY AND GENERAL SCOTT.

We have seen several statements to the purpose of the following, going the rounds of the papers for six weeks past, and have looked in vain for any authorized denial. We therefore presume the fact as stated, that Mr. Clay, in his last days, disapproved of the nomination of Scott, and counselled opposition to him, and that the Southern whigs, Gentry, Williams, Cabell, and others act under his advice in opposing him. What a spectacle for the whigs of the Union, when Clay and Webster give the cold shoulder to their nominee! How is it to be expected that the thousands of the rank and file will support Scott, when the great fathers of the party declare the nomination not fit to be made. Mr. Thos. H. Clay, it is conceded, is in possession of his father's real opinions as to Gen. Scott, and has not denied the facts here set forth:

(From *Brownlow's Whig*.)
MR. CLAY AND GEN. SCOTT.—Though malice, ill will and jealousy, being instigated by Davis, as we honestly believe, Gen. Scott and his friends defeated the nomination of Mr. Clay in 1840, and again, in 1848, and then boasted of their triumph over the Kentucky Statesman! For this offence, all things else being equal, we never will have anything to do with Scott. Desiring to know as most others did, I still do, what Mr. Clay thought of the nomination of Scott, we addressed a private letter to a gentleman we knew would understand the position of the dying patriot and we have received the following answer, which the public may rely upon. Mr. Clay was a good judge of men and their qualifications of office, he was an honest and frank man, and certainly so when dying.

WASHINGTON, July 23, 1852.
DEAR BROWNLOW: In answer to your inquiry, I have to say, that I did not bear Mr. Clay's last political and other conversations, but little company being admitted to his room, but I understand perfectly what they were, and I am confident I can report them correctly to you. Although in a dying state, and conscious of it, I was quite anxious as to the result of the Baltimore Convention. He spoke of Mr. Pierce, in terms of respect; said he was a man of moderate talents, and was too little known to excite much interest, only as party feeling might get it up.

To General Cass and Thomas H. Clay, Mr. Clay expressed a decided opinion, after hearing of the nomination of Gen. Scott. He said in substance "the nomination was due to Mr. Fillmore, and that he had no confidence in Gen. Scott's ability to administer the affairs of the Government, at this important juncture of affairs; that he would rather see the administration in the hands of a safe and competent Democrat, than trusted to an incompetent whig."

It has been whispered about upon the authority of Gov. Jones, that Mr. Clay's last political conversations, held with him, were favorable to Scott's nomination. This is not so. I do not know that Jones has said so. But Thomas H. Clay had understood so before he left home, contradicted it fully, and promised that he would publish the facts after he got home.

The withdrawal of the Southern whigs from the Seaward and Mangum caucus, was in accordance with the advice of Mr. Clay, who sent for some of the leaders to visit his room. These facts are all known to your gallant Representatives, Gentry, Williams, Watkins, and others, and will be attested by them, if applied to. I do not wish my name to appear in the papers in connection with this subject. I have written you nothing but the truth, and not a word of that.

LETTER FROM CRIST TRE MURDERER.

The Supreme Court of Alabama has affirmed the judgment in the case of Crist, the young man sentenced to death at Mobile for the murder of a fellow-traveler, while lodging at a hotel in that city. Crist has published an address to the citizens of Mobile, protesting that he is innocent, but admitting that the jury were in duty bound, with the evidence brought before them, to bring in the verdict they did. He contends, however, that he can establish his innocence, if a new trial be granted him, and proceeds to bewail his awful condition in the following style:

How sudden, how fearful, is the change which has come upon me! But a few months ago I was enriched with all that makes life desirable—an affectionate wife and child, friends, health and peace, competence, good name; the past unregretted, the future sure; and now, my position is the gloomy dungeon—the bitter pang of self-reproach—the whips and stings of remorse—the slow tortures of suspense—fears that chill the blood.

The distance of relatives and friends being so far, that it cuts me off entirely from any assistance from them at all. In conclusion I call upon you to deal justly and mercifully with me, if not for my sake for my lamenting family. I might speak to you of the gloom that this unfavorable verdict has spread among a large circle of relatives and friends, of the anguish of my heart broken wife—of the withering blight which will fall upon my innocent child—of the deep unmovable shadow that has settled upon our once happy and cheerful hearts. By all that makes life sweet, to you take not mine away under the veil of injustice' light; by that good name which is the immediate jewel of your souls; by the sunshine that beams from old familiar faces; by the kisses of your children which perhaps are yet warm upon your lips, close not the gate of mercy against your fellow man.—There are some elements in the present case which must deepen those emotions of love that are planted in your bosoms.

The fact is that I belong not to that class from which the murderers are usually drawn. I am not one of those wandering outlaws to whom the world and the world's laws are alike hostile, whose life is a warfare against society, whom the industry of others support, and whose daily food is the wretched bread of guilt, whose hardened face is stamped with guilt; but on the other hand, my life has been irreproachable from my youth upwards. I have been respected, industrious, temperate and trustworthy; my position in life has been humble and one of daily toil; my days have glided by in tranquil industry, and the sleep of innocence has nightly visited my pillow, and has given to society those pledges which are ever most effectually in restraining lawless impulses. The strong and sweet ties of domestic life were wound round me to draw me to what was just and good, and to withhold me from what was evil, but alas, I have been branded with a curse that will forever mark me as an object of distrust, and feel myself an outcast from society, and forever barred out from my much beloved wife and child.

A CONTENTED MAN.

A correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* wrote recently to a friend in Maryland, and expressed a wish to make him rich. His friend sent him the following reply:

MY DEAR FRIEND:—But I am rich! I have got a boy whose eyes sparkle like "jewels of the mine," and whose smiles are purely angelic, and there is so much of heaven in his face, that when I see him, I am out of the life of this life. Why I have such tranquility, such bliss that the moments flying are of more value, and of them, than the brightest sands of California.

I am rich! I live in an age big with the events of the world's progress. In my boyhood I read of the stirring scenes of the American revolution; of the meteoric whirl of Napoleon; of all such events as would fire the mind of youth, and I wished that I could live at a time when I could be in the midst of such mighty events; and here I am, at a period in the history of the world more interesting than any before it; when there are mightier revolutions than ever before; and not so much by leading individuals spirit, as by a universal and voluntary spirit pervading all classes.

There was a time when the poet sang thus: "How fleet is the glance of the mind! Compared with the speed of its flight, The tempest itself lags behind, And the swift winged arrows of light!"

Not so could he sing now, for we follow in the lightning's wake, and are up with the "glance of the mind."

I am rich! I witness the struggle for the gold of California; the live sacrifice, the desperate reaching forth of tottering old age for that gold which it worships in the rays of the setting sun, and am happy that the current has not borne me hither.

I am rich! I have a virtuous mind, and have no relish for the society of the dissolute and vicious; and their pleasures, to me, seem all blackness.

given me to a service that is unworthy of me; but I rally from the influence of those things when I can, as the tide rises when the storm has passed by, and I have hours of tranquillity that afford me a balance for all the trials.

Look out from your window, perchance you see the fire-car passing the intersection of the tracks. Moving in the breeze, the "fire-car," which things I do not object to; I speak not of them in a cynical way—only to stress not in the occupants, but possibly the weight of sorrow upon their hearts if expressed in pounds, would weigh the wheels of that carriage. Such reflections must teach us that we each have our share of wealth in the true sense of that word.

I am on, and in trouble, something always comes to my remembrance, and my wish to be rich is prompted less by a desire for my own gratification, than to be able to reciprocate acts of kindness I have experienced from others.

You see that I turn at the touch of your pen to show you that the sun shines here, and it is not such a serious thing to live, and take it all in all, this world is about what it was intended to be.

A QUESTION PUT AND ANSWERED.

HENRY CLAY'S OPINION OF SCOTT'S NOMINATION.—The Richmond Whig, in a rigid article on Gen. Scott, asks—"Are there no honors for the men of toil—the defenders of the Republic? Shall they set down, covered with the dust and soil of thirty years' battle, and receive nothing at the hands of the people?" We will let Henry Clay answer that question. No living man could do it better. In one of his eloquent orations he said:—

"Let the public gratitude manifest itself in just and adequate rewards, drawn from the public treasure. Let inspired poets sing the praises of our military and naval commanders. Let the chisel and the pencil preserve their faithful images for the gratification of the present and future generations. Let the impartial historian faithfully record their deeds of glory and renown, for the admiration and the imitation of posterity. I say too, in the language of a departed sage, 'honor to those who fill the measure of their country's glory.' But it should be appropriate, considerate honor—such as becomes its object, and such as freedom, jealousy, cautious and enlightened freedom ought to bestow. If my suffrage is asked for the highest civil office of my country, the candidate, however illustrious and successful he may be, MUST PRESENT SOME OTHER TITLE THAN LAURELS, HOWEVER GLOBE-GATHERED, FROM THE BLOOD-STAINED FIELD."

What other title to the Presidency has Winfield Scott, save "laurels from a blood-stained field?" Upon what else do his advocates rely for success than a "blind and heedless enthusiasm for mere military renown?"

CONJUGAL AFFECTION.—The Hon. Horace Mann, in his eulogy on the lamented Rantoul, related the following touching instance of conjugal affection, in connection with the last illness of the deceased:

"Yet Mr. Rantoul, even amid the agonies of his disease, had lucid intervals. There were convulsions in his mind so deep seated, and affections in his heart so strong, as to stand, unmoved by any tempest of delirium. On being telegraphed respecting the illness of her husband, his devoted and excellent wife, then in Massachusetts, hastened to his succor. She arrived here at six o'clock of the morning of the day he died. Instantly her voice voiced loud consciousness and reason. He seized her hand in his, and held it till he breathed his last. Even when his mind wandered, this grasp of affection was unbroken. Death only released it.

The swelling of the disease had closed his eyes, and it was beyond the power of muscular contraction to open them. He desired to have them opened by mechanical means, that he might once more behold the features and the face whence, for more than twenty years, the light of love had shone down into his heart. Thank God, sir, that, amid all the alienations and strifes and hostilities which seem sometimes to flow out of the human bosom, as though it were their natural fountain, there are also affections, sympathies, tenderesses and loves, which are inseparable from it; and which we always may find there, 'close as green to the verdant leaf, or color to the rose.'"

NOBLE CONDUCT OF A NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

The *New York Express* tells us that the dog *Rolla*, belonging to a gentleman in New-York, recently performed one of those heroic deeds of humanity for which the Newfoundland breed is remarkable. An interesting little boy about 10 years old, while playing near the water at Hoboken, lost his balance and fell in. The tide sweeps along the shore there with great rapidity, and the little fellow in a few moments was carried apparently beyond the reach of human assistance. The lad, it seems, could swim a little, but just as his strength was giving way, the dog, at a short distance from the spot, quick as thought dashed through the crowd, leaped into the water, and in a minute more had the boy by the collar, secure between his teeth. To bring him ashore, back to that particular place, however, was an impossibility, owing to the force of the current; so that the only hope was to make a point of land some distance ahead, (between Jersey City and Hoboken) and for that quarter *Rolla* steered his course, amidst the applause and exultation of the spectators. On went the noble animal, bravely battling the tide, and careless of the shouts of applause, all the while keeping the boy's face out of the water. He reached the great old lighthouse with his precious burden, safe and sound, but a little faint and frightened, and no sooner had he laid him down than the noble animal sank exhausted on the sand. He was instantly surrounded by a numerous crowd of people, who had been eye-witnesses of the scene, vying with each other in showing kindness to the heroic animal that had thus risked his own life to save that of a helpless human being. Some idea of the labor performed by the dog is had from the entire distance he had to swim is said to be not less than two miles.

"Father," said a rough boy, "I hope you won't buy any more gunpowder for me for mother." "Why not?" "Because every time she drinks it she blows me up."